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Copyright, 1898, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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PROUD OF HER BOYS.



QUALIFIED.

CAPTAIN SPUDD.—Handel-Barr has been detailed to take charge of the mule trains.

LIEUTENANT RUDDY.—Why, I did n't know he had had any experience with mules!

CAPTAIN SPUDD.—He has n't. But did you ever happen to hear him when he had punctured his tire?

QUITE SERIOUS.

HE.—Is dot merely a Summer encagemendt of Miss Goldstein's?

SHE.—Oh, no! She vould n't trifle mit der affections of a man vot is vorth half a million.

NOW LET Spain forward, by earliest delivery, her Camara, and the United States will cheerfully "do the rest."



THEY HAD HEARD IT BEFORE.

"That reminds me," said the orator, "of a story which you may have heard of the monkey that used the cat's paw to pull out—" "Chestnuts!" shouted the youngest Simian in the audience.

IN CHICKAMAUGA.

PRIVATE BROWN.—What do you think of hardtack?

PRIVATE JONES.—Well, it's a strong argument in favor of universal peace!

HINDSIGHT.

CRAWFORD.—What excuse has the haughty Don for having gone to war with this country?

CRABSHAW.—None; except the very old one that he did n't know it was loaded.

NO WALK-OVER.

BENNET.—Blanco states that he will defend Havana desperately.

NEARPASS.—Yes? I suppose he will fight to the last drop of ink.

NOT ALARMED.

"Spain has set a price on your head," said his friend, excitedly. "Ha! Ha!" laughed the insurgent chief, in the most approved, melodramatic fashion. "Spain has n't got the price!"

WHEN SPANIARD meets American, then comes the tug-of-war correspondents.



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"A COMING OUT PARTY."



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ASSIGNED TO DUTY.

MRS. ENPECK.—What's that rig you've got on?

ENPECK.—Why, it's my uniform! I'm going off to the war.

MRS. ENPECK.—Oh, indeed! Well, get it off and go back to white-washing that cellar, or there'll be war enough right here to keep you busy!

WAR-TIME PHILOSOPHY.



THE NEWSPAPERS that want the Navy to do more fighting should remember the *Texas*.

Politicians who think this country should annex several bunches of islands, should remember Spain.

A Cuban in the bush is worth two in Cabanas.

From the way prices have gone up one would think there had been no demand for food before the war.

War develops more boarding-house sailors than a yacht race.

The trained gunner is the power behind the thrown.

If the fate of an unsuccessful cabinet officer in this country were the same as that of an unsuccessful Spanish minister, there would not be so many millions anxious to help McKinley.

Most of the men who think the Spanish gunners are poor marksmen, have interests at home that demand their attention.

It takes an able man to guide the plough, but any farmer can handle a war-ship.

The half-million authors of the cry, "Remember the Maine," are anxious that more men should be killed.

John W. Raper.

ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

"Manila, I think, is the only defeat the Spanish government has acknowledged up to date."

"Yes; and it is said that many Spaniards consider the admission a clerical error."

HIS MALADY.

KLONDIKE KICKSHAW. — What caused that newcomer's death?

WALRUS BILL. — Emotional insanity. He did n't have his gun along when he called Three-Fingered Slade a liar.

AN OUTSIDER.

EMMA. — He asked Miss Passay what was the exact difference between pretty and handsome.

EVA. — I suppose he wanted to consult a disinterested authority.

PROFIT is never without honor, even in its own country.



A GENTLE HINT.

SHE. — I wish all men were like Admiral Dewey!

HE. — In what way?

SHE. — He believes in short engagements!

TWO OF A KIND.

THE CABMAN. — I 'll take yer fer three dollars!

MR. ISAACS. — I gandt afford it, mein frendt; but if I efer need a bartner in der gloding peezness, I 'll send yer vord.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"It is said that the seacoast line of the globe is about one hundred and thirty thousand miles."

"Well, we ought to build a navy powerful enough to defend it! There 's no telling how soon it may belong to us."

A MATTER OF NECESSITY.

BROWN. — Oh, yes! the world moves!

JONES. — Yes; and it has to hustle to keep up with the United States.

ON THE WAY HOME.

JIMMY. — Did n't you hear the Sunday-school teacher say your conscience is what tells you when you do wrong?

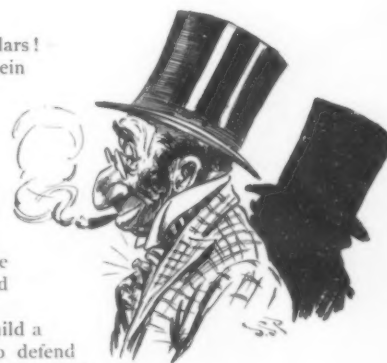
TOMMY. — It 's a good thing it don't tell your mother.



COMPETITION REDUCED.

HILO (*the hunter*). — Yes, Miss Wumbo, it 's the man-eater that 's been feeding around this village for the past six months.

MISS WUMBO. — Well, I 'm glad to hear it! It was getting so us unmarried girls did n't have any more show than we would at a Summer resort.





SEIZED AN OPPORTUNITY.

MR. PERCENTSKI.—You haf been here quvite a long time, Miss Goldstein?
MISS GOLDSTEIN.—Oh, yes! Papa prought us here early in der season because ve got reducet rades on aggount of der expegeted bombardmend by der Spanish flied.

THEY REPENTED.

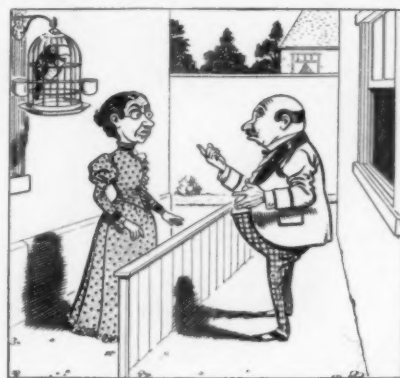
"En, finally, bredern en sistern, I abjure yo' ter repent. Yo' *mus* repent! Hez yo' got eny idea wot etarnal punishment means? Hez yo' got de slightest 'pinion hulong yo' gwine ter suffiah de to'ments; hulong yo' gwine ter sizzle en fry en roast,—umh? No; case yo' hain't; but I'se gwine ter tell yer. Ef er pigin wus ter fly aroun' dis yer earf once ebery tousan' yeahs, en ebery time he pass dis earf he jes' scup it wid de aidge ob he's wing—O mah bredern! When dat pigin hez got dis earf wawn down ter er frazzle, den yo' to'ment only jes' beginnin'."

Lawrence Perry.

A DOLL is essentially a doll, whether stuffed with sawdust or caramels.

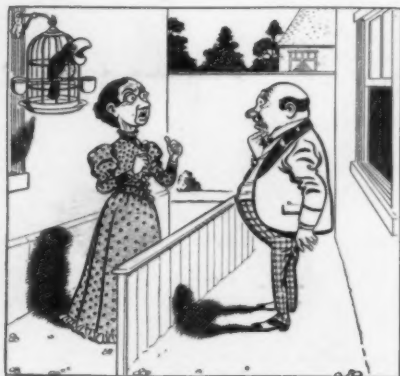
A REAL Bohemian remembers to have his hair cut by mistake;—there are others who forget it on purpose.

A STRATEGIC REMOVAL.



I.

MR. FIDGETS.—Miss Prim, you will do me a favor if you get rid of that parrot. It annoys me greatly with its constant screeching.



II.

MISS PRIM (*indignantly*).—Get rid of that parrot, which was given to me by a dear friend? Why, I never heard of such an impudent request! Most assuredly I will not! That parrot is here to stay!



III.

MR. FIDGETS (*later*).—Well, what can't be done by fair means must be done by foul. She has gone out visiting for a couple of hours and I'll just give that parrot a few lessons.

A COMPARISON.

Man is like a watch, I've thought,
Open-faced or otherwise;
Hands e'er stretching up or down,
Late or gaining, as time flies;
Loud or softly ticking on,
Little ills by experts spoken;
Never stopping till the end,
Till the mainspring, Hope, is broken.

AN IGNORANT MAN.

"The amount of ignorance displayed by some poets is appalling," remarked Bennet.
"Indeed?" replied Nearpass.
"For instance, here is one who apparently never heard of the law of gravitation."
"How do you make that out?"
"He asks, plaintively, 'Why do the leaves fall?'"

AN INSPIRED STATEMENT.

HE.—When I am at the seashore I am always reminded of a biblical quotation.
SHE.—What is it?
HE.—"Many waters can not quench love."

HIS IDEA OF IT.

STARZENSTRIPES.—What do you think of "The Star-Spangled Banner?"

BRITISHER.—Intensely American! It actually commences with, "Oh, say!" instead of, "Oh, I say!"

A MEMORABLE OCCASION.

POET (*musingly*).—I always remember the 30th of June.

FRIEND.—How so?

POET.—That was the date on which my first poem was returned with thanks.

OUGHT TO BE SATISFIED.

BEGGAR.—I'm from Philadelphia, sir—
NEW YORKER.—Well, what more do you want?

THE PARSON'S FLIGHT.

The minister is in the lurch
And smitten with the blues;
For though his voice can fill the church
It can not fill the pews.

WHEN THEY COUNT.

MARIE.—Then you don't care to listen to soft nothings?

RUTH.—Not unless they mean something.



IV.

"Now, Polly, attention! Mark my words!
—!!—*—??—?—?!
—! D!—D—?—?—?!—
(And so on for two hours.)



HIS ENVIABLE CONDITION.

"GREAT SCOTT! What is the matter, out there in the street?" exclaimed a recently-arrived stranger; "who is that ragged wretch crouching in the dust and striving to protect his head from the blows that are being showered upon him; and who are those men who are so savagely assaulting him?"

"They ain't assaultin' him; they are congratulatin' him," replied the landlord of the Pettyville tavern; "we've had here, all in one week, our village band's first concert, a gigglin' couple married in a balloon, a six-legged calf and a petrified man holdin' a joint reception in a tent, an amateur minstrel performance, a vitascope operated and explained by a stuttering man, a two-headed mermaid show, a school election, an acrimonious church quarrel, six book agents, a donation party, and an Uncle Tom's Cabin company. This fellow that them men are swarmin' around dropped into town jest a while ago, wearin' a placard announcin' that he is deaf, dumb and blind; and those are prominent and envious citizens pattin' him on the back."

It is well enough to take things as they come, but some things are worth going after.



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SHOCKING.

PAPA.—Yes, the Lord created the world in six days, and He rested on the seventh—which is the Sabbath.

LITTLE ELSA (surprised).—It's funny His ma didn't make Him go to church.

AN OPENING.

Art is sublime! It is now possible so perfectly to paint upon the wall the shadows of plants, palms and vines, that the originals may be removed, the effect having been fixed.

Wonderful! Wonderful!

Now let some individual with a passion for shekels and deathless fame, devise a scheme for "fixing," for an indefinite period, the sensation of a full stomach, and he will instantly be advanced thirty points, with the rank of Emancipator. Science still has much to conquer.

CUSTOMARY THERE.

Young Bacon declares he will marry a wife;
And here's where the force of it lies:
He lives in Chicago! And so, on my life,
Nobody feels any surprise!



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TASTES DIFFER.

MRS. INLAND.—Goodness! I hope there are not many women who would wear a bathing suit like that!

SALESMAN.—Very sorry, Madam, but this is the very best we can do now; we expect some of the short ones in next week.

GRABBITT.—Spendall is the most extravagant man I know. What do you suppose he'll do when the rainy days come?

DR. SINNECK.—Use his friends as umbrellas, I presume.

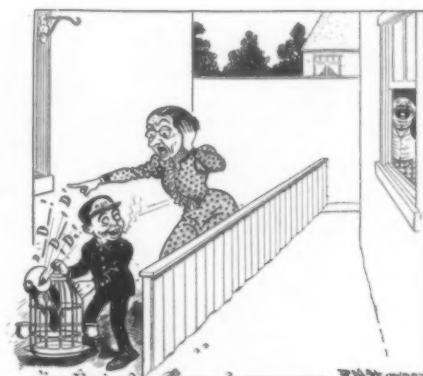
SOME WOULD rather be right than President; others really can't afford to sacrifice their private business to be either.



V.
MISS PRIM (returning later).—Yes, Pastor, this is my new parrot. Sister Goodall raised it from a little bird. It is such a refined bird! I taught it every word it knows. Listen! Pretty Polly!



VI.
POLLY.— — — — — D — — — — —
— — — — — D! D! D! — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — — — — — —



VII.
MISS PRIM (to MESSENGER BOY).—Yes, take it away! Sell it! Drown it! Do anything you like with it! I'll give that Mrs. Goodall a piece of my mind! It was a scheme of hers to hurt me in the eyes of my pastor, I know!



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A NATURAL RESULT.

MRS. BLEECKER (of New York).—Your nurse appears to be a very well-informed girl.

MRS. BACON HILL (of Boston).—She could hardly help it, you know. She has been associated with little Emerson for nearly three months.

HOW MADELINE BOWS.



FLASH OF recognition in her eyes,
Which changes to a smile. A sudden gleam
Of teeth and dimples—it would seem
The glimpse she had of me was a surprise,
If her swift blushes told the truth—and now,
A gracious little word, a laugh, a bow.

The nodding plumes upon her hat bow, too,
And one tall feather, bolder than the rest,
Seems beckoning me to follow—a request
The silken swish of feminine *frou-frou*
Reiterates—while fluttering ribbons try
Their best to catch me as she saunters by.

But I am proof against her saucy wiles;
Nor heed the glances from her laughing eyes;
Nor fear the dimple that in ambush lies;
Nor dread her blushes, or her roguish smiles,
Because the maiden, as she onward goes,
Bows just that way to every man she knows!

Lawrence K. Russel.

AN EXPLANATION.

ALGY.—I wonder why they call actors Thespians?

CHOLLY.—Well, I suppose—aw—because they
are Thespians, doncherknow?

A COMPARISON.

MRS. ROCHELLE.—Is it true that household
goods have gone up so?

MRS. PARKE.—Oh, yes! Every time I visit
my grocer's I feel as if I was at my dressmaker's.

BOUND TO COME.

CRAWFORD.—The improvements that are be-
ing made in the horseless carriage are some-
thing wonderful.

MERRITT.—I presume it won't be long before
we will have the manless baby carriage here in
Brooklyn.

TOO MANY fertile imaginations produce little but
weeds.

THE MOSQUITO is apt to be saddest when it sings,
unless it gets out of the way in time.



PUCK.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A NERVOUS STRAIN ENDED. VINDICATION HAS come at last. Young Mr. Hearst, of the *Journal*, has gone to the front and found that General Shafter and Admiral Sampson are doing just right, after all. It will be admitted now, we hope, that no newspaper, however yellow, can intelligently direct our forces in the field unless it has a representative on the ground. Even the trained military mind of Mr. Hearst had not mastered this truth. From New York he had been issuing orders to Shafter and Sampson and McKinley that were not obeyed with the promptness he would have liked. Two explanations were possible: either these under-officials disobeyed him out of pure willfulness, or there were conditions unknown to Mr. Hearst that made obedience impracticable. For some time Mr. Hearst entertained the first view, and his criticisms were naturally warm. Before proceeding to extremes, however, like the great, thoughtful man that he is, he determined to give the government the benefit of the doubt: to ascertain if there might not be some good excuse for its apparent indifference to his wishes. Happily there was. "Now that I am here on the spot and can actually see the difficulties and peculiarities of this campaign," says Mr. Hearst,

"I am satisfied that McKinley is right in deciding to attack Santiago rather than Havana. The army," he adds, "got here neither too soon, nor too late." The American people needed no further assurance. The war will now proceed. "The favorable report on the operations of our land and naval forces in Cuba, sent by the editor of the *Journal*," says Mr. Hearst's paper, winsomely, "created surprise and pleasure at Washington." We should think as much. The government had too long languished under Mr. Hearst's disapproval.

A FINE SHOWING. COLUMBIA MAY well be proud of her boys. At Manila, at San Juan, at Cardenas, at Guantanamo, at Quasina, at Santiago, they have braved the enemy's bullets with a courage that was ideal, and returned the fire with a studied effectiveness that was eloquent of their purpose and their patriotism. Nothing tells the gist of this war better than the contrast between our men on Cuban soil and the starving Spanish deserters who turn up at our camps from day to day,—the clean, strong, determined fighter, and the half-hearted, half-fed skulker. Behind each type is a long chain of causes. The war is teaching us and all the world the value of those causes in making men. It is a competitive examination in which our own system is showing a splendid superiority. Upon the showing made thus far by our gallant fighters it seems safe to say that the Spaniard will be able to remember the *Maine* for a long time to come without tying a string around his finger.

AS TO "SCORCHERS." THE UNITED STATES Examining Surgeon at Chicago announces as the result of his experience with recruits, that an habitual fast rider of the bicycle is physically unfit to serve as a soldier. "Persistent scorching," he says, "has a tendency to enlarge the heart and thus interfere with its proper action." He has rejected scores of applicants because of the "bicycle heart." PUCK cheerfully extends the warning to all scorchers. They have been deaf to other reasoning. They have been told that they are not pretty, that they are a nuisance and usually a menace to other riders, and that they were robbing themselves of the most inspiring delight of cycling,—the leisurely sensing of the beauties of field and wood and sky. Perhaps the discovery that they are disqualifying themselves for military service may have some weight. An enthusiastic cyclist has the making of a good soldier in him, and if he wants to be a soldier he ought n't to spoil it by the imbecile practice of "scorching."

RONDEAU OF THE DRIVE.

WHEN I drive off,—my club in air,
My toes turned in, my shoulders square,
Birds on the wing stop flight to see,
The daisies crane their stems at me,
While open-mouthed the caddies stare;

And cows, who in security
Pastured at peace on yonder lea,
Stampede with apprehensive glare,
When I drive off.

The full St. Andrew's swing, I swear,—
A goodly blow,—but, oh! despair!
The ball I whanged so lustily
Grins up some six yards from the tee,
When I drive off.

K. P.

OUTING.

"Going to the seashore this Summer, Algy?"
"No; I'm afraid of the Spaniards."
"What for an outing, then?"
"Oh! I guess I'll get a commission in the army."

HANDICAP.

The sword's so very much
Less mighty than the pen, sir,
To give the sword an even chance,
They introduce the censor.

PREPARING FOR BUSINESS.

"I hear that Spain is making additions to her navy."
"Yes; she has just launched six first-class typewriters."

BLUEBLOODED.

THE BOARDER.—This milk looks mighty blue!

THE BANDIT.—I guess that comes from me havin' nothin' but pedigree cows.

NEVER MEDDLE with a man who is minding his own business. Don't poke your finger into a bumble-bees' nest because it looks quiet on the outside.

UNDOUBTEDLY.

"The Spanish Cabinet again announces that Spain will fight to the bitter end."

"Well, that is the sort of an end it will be!"

"MY KINGDOM for a ton of coal!" may be the exclamation of some naval Richard.



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RECOGNIZED.

DOLLY.—I know! It's a squirrel. Mama told us they save up such lots of nuts for the Winter.

JACK.—Oh, yes! And they can crack them without getting a toothache!



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THE NEW ASPIRANT.

J. OTTMAR LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUCK.



FROM THE SPANISH WAR CORRESPONDENT.

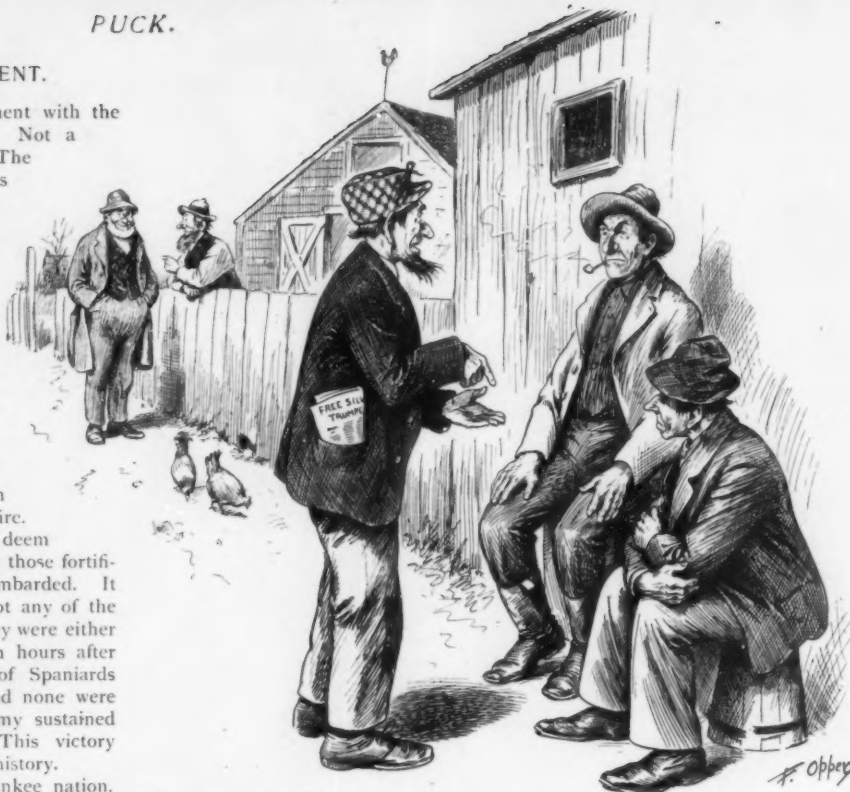


WE HAD A terrific engagement with the enemy again yesterday. Not a Spanish soldier was hurt. The enemy bombarded our works for over an hour, but, to add to his confusion, our gallant troops hastily withdrew in the very beginning of the battle. Several hundred non-combatants were killed. It is possible that the enemy will claim credit for this fact, but that honor belongs wholly to our heroic soldiery, who, while giving the enemy the slip, discharged several volleys in the wrong direction, being misled as to the whereabouts of the American forces by the echo of their fire.

All loyal Spaniards at this place deem it inexpedient to again occupy those fortifications which the enemy bombarded. It is not known whether or not any of the enemy's ships escaped. They were either sunk or driven back, as ten hours after the bombardment a party of Spaniards cautiously crept to the shore and none were to be seen. At any rate, the enemy sustained an enormous loss of ammunition. This victory made the day one glorious in Spanish history.

These are dark days, indeed, for the Yankee nation. The Southern Confederacy has again become a terrible reality. The Supreme Court at Washington has decided that the battle of Gettysburg was a victory for the Confederates. This changes the whole result of their war of the rebellion, and gives the Confederate States their liberty.

An American was reported to be prowling around in the woods to the



NO GOLD BRICK FOR HIM.

FIRST FARMER.—Silas is a reg'lar fanatic on silver, ain't he?

SECOND FARMER.—Awful! I reckon if any bunco man ever wants to cheat him he'll have to sell him a bimetallic brick.



WITHERED HOPES.

JACK DEWIT.—I understand that the Reverend Mr. Jenkins has proved a serious disappointment to some of the members of his flock.

MAY ASKIT.—What?—the handsome young minister who preached here last Summer? What has he done?

JACK DEWIT.—Married.

rear of our forces, and seven regiments were dispatched this morning with orders to capture or kill him, or drive him from the island. They will doubtless meet each other to-day, and a great Spanish victory is expected.

The party who caused the Spanish defeat last week has been discovered. He was a telegraph operator in sympathy with the Insurgents.

The Spanish forces gained another magnificent victory this morning. Twelve of the enemy's largest warships were seen approaching. Our artillerymen fired one defiant shot at the fleet which was steaming timidly into the harbor, and then our troops boldly advanced inland. It afterward turned out that what we had supposed to be the enemy's fleet was merely some floating driftwood. It was indeed a glorious day for Spain.

Scarcely had order been restored when our scouts came in hurriedly and announced that the American troops would be on us by the ten thousand in ten minutes. They were said to be approaching us from the land this time. We resolved to bravely hold our own, and to die, if need be, but to never think of cravenly retreating. The ocean rendered retreat impossible. We held our ground for two hot hours. Not a soldier flinched. We are still in possession of all that we held this morning. It was the most resplendent victory achieved by Spanish arms since our unprecedented triumph at Manila. Still, our excitement and exertions were really unnecessary, as the cowardly enemy failed to appear.

Our scouts were mistaken when they fancied they saw the hated American. It was merely a reconcentrado in blue clothes who had been permitted to go out to get green leaves to eat.



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ALL HE EXPECTED.

HE (*rapturously*).—And you will be mine forever?
THE SUMMER GIRL.—Well—a—
HE.—Oh! of course; I mean for a reasonable time.

BRANDS FROM THE BURNING.

"I hope Schley will be able to do some missionary work with the Spanish fleet."
"How?"
"I'd like to see him convert those big cruisers into American war-ships."

WOULD HAVE CHANGED THE RESULT.

"It is claimed in Madrid that everything would have been all right if Cervera had followed his instructions."
"What were his instructions?"
"To whip Sampson."

NOTHING FURTHER.

ASKIT.—What's "*ne plus ultra*?"
ANCER.—Well, it's what happens after your wife's last word.

APPREHENSION.

"I'm afraid this war will have some deplorable results."
"What are you worrying about?"
"I think it will give the coal dealers a sense of their importance that will make them unbearably haughty."

WISELY ARRANGED.

"I used to wonder why the world was made one-fourth land and three-fourths water."
"Well—why is it?"
"So that battleships can have a place to chase each other around."

LOOKING FORWARD.

"Think this man Aguinaldo will give us any trouble?"
"Oh! I suppose we'll have to make him a United States marshal, or something like that."



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SERIOUS.

FOSTER.—I saw the doctor come out of your house this morning. Anything serious?
FELTON (*dejectedly*).—I should say so! Triplets!

HOW TO FEED THEM.

(Reports say that Spain is starving. Here is a menu presented to the entire Spanish nation by Uncle Sam.)

HARD SHELLD CRABS.

SOUP.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

A NICE PICKLE.

STEW.

PUNCH.

ROAST.

SQUASH.

CROW.

TURNUP MASHED.

BEAT SALAD.

BATTER PUDDING, WHIPPED SAUCE.

CABINET PUDDING, MANILA SAUCE.

HUMBLE PIE.

CRACK 'ER.

LICK 'ER.

THE TALE OF A "FAKE."

THERE IT WAS, in sharp, black type—a cold, relentless bit of statistics, properly equipped with date and figures, and fathered by a name whose honest, rugged shape might well carry conviction to all wavering doubters. It was a serious business, too. For we were shown to be at the mercy of Spain, utterly helpless, reduced to a condition of physical wreck by vicious indulgence. It was cigarettes. They were the way of our downfall. From a great nation, teeming with richest vitality, we had been in one short day reduced to a miserable remnant of cigarette "victims." It was hard to believe, for there was no visible mark of our decline save this nugget of news flashed over the Associated Press wires. "Blame Laid on Cigarettes" was its sententious headline; and it recited the appalling fact that 90 per cent. of our volunteer recruits had been rejected because of disabilities resulting from the use of cigarettes. The inference was unavoidable that if 90 per cent. of the volunteers were thus suffering, the remainder of our male population had already degenerated beyond the point of an offer to enlist.

It was awful. And any possible incredulity was allayed by the name of the statistician. It was "Dr. Benjamin King." Now, one does not lightly disbelieve a man with a name like that. It sports a shining halo of veracity. It is a name that might fittingly appear as a signature to the multiplication table, or a handy compilation of the eternal verities. And when it is added that his full title was "Dr. Benjamin King of Philadelphia," it will be discerned that the item in question needed no further guarantee of respectability. It was cordially received into the columns of thousands of newspapers throughout the country. It is not recorded that the burning of cigarettes fell off. Some way, it never does. But the people who are accustomed to speak harshly of the cigarette said, "There, now! What can you say to that?"

The people whose place it was to make reply, that is, the people who fear cigarettes as little as they fear the other good things of life, had nothing to say. There did n't seem to be anything they could say. So they got up and did something.

They got results, too. They discovered, first, that Dr. Benjamin King of Philadelphia had passed into the great Perhaps just ten years ago, and that his return from the grave, according to the best obtainable evidence, had never been accomplished. And, second, they found that the statement to which his authority had been given was just a plain lie cut out of nice, new cloth. Our war department dismissed it as "nonsense."

Thus has another cigarette bugaboo been laid in an early grave. It is now as dead as Dr. King himself. Of course a moment's thought would have convinced anyone that no single cause could have operated to produce so large a number of rejections, but moments of thought are infrequent among people who feel bound to read half a dozen newspapers every day, and so the fullest kind of investigation was necessary.

The "fake" was an ingenious one, but the truth is that the cigarette's reputation has become too well established to be very long affected by the most ingenious of copy-makers. Stories as absurd as this one are easily disproved, while the facts in favor of the cigarette are so eloquent and so easily tested by the casual smoker that no denial will obscure them. The man who takes his after-dinner cigarette with his coffee, who has done so year after year and found it wholesome, is not to be demoralized when he hears himself referred to as a cigarette "victim."

He knows what he is about. He may never have read the reports of the distinguished chemists who have analyzed the tobacco and paper of the cigarette and officially declared them to be pure and harmless; he may never have heard that Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, has stated that "perhaps the circulation of the cigarette after dinner might account for the falling off in the consumption of heavy wines," which he had noted in his official capacity; he may, in short, never have heard or read any one of the multitudinous official vindications, which the cigarette has received since its critics began to be taken seriously. But neither does he need them. He just smokes and *knows*!

DIED GAME.

FIRST KANSAS MAN.—I hear that a hoss-thief died rather sudden las' night.

SECOND KANSAS MAN (leader of neck-tie party).—Y-e-s; he was n't sick long.

FIRST KANSAS MAN.—Did he die game?

SECOND KANSAS MAN.—Like a rooster—jist like a rooster—with his spurs on!—*New York Weekly.*

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TRUE GRATITUDE.

The following recently appeared among the obituary notices of the *Dublin Independent*:

SMIT. — On the 28th inst., Amy Jane Mary Smit, eldest daughter of John and Wilhelmina Smit, aged one day, two and one-half hours.

The bereaved and heartbroken parents beg to tender their hearty thanks to Dr. Jones for his unremitting attention during the illness of the deceased, and for the moderate brevity of his bill. Also to Mr. Wilson for running for the doctor, and to Mr. Robinson for recommending mustard plaster. — *Medical Record.*

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MANY of us have the idea that we are not practicing true economy unless we are depriving ourselves of some real necessity of life. — *West Union Gazette.*



ALL FOR THE BEST.

DOOLAN — Yez look battered but happy, Cassidy.

CASSIDY. — O'i am thot. Doolan. There was a bit of a foight last noight at Finnegan's wake, and during the excitement I proposed to Miss Callahan and was accepted.



THE poorest possible use for a man's brains is to think forever about himself. — *Ram's Horn.*

A WOMAN is very apt to regard her friends as so many debts to be cheerfully and promptly met. — *Atchison Globe.*

HOLDPHAST. — Have you ever attended one of those new social gatherings called "A Horror Party?"

SLOWPAY. — Once.

HOLDPHAST. — What are they like?

SLOWPAY. — A young lady simply invites you to a social gathering at her house, and, when you are in the midst of the enjoyment, your tailor and wine merchant suddenly pop in on you. — *Norristown Herald.*

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SOME men's only virtue is that they pay their debts. A good many have n't that. — *Washington Democrat.*

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THERE is n't any one so good that it does n't make him mad to go home to dinner and find some one sitting in his chair at the table.—*Atchison Globe.*

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and at all Summer Resorts.

WALTON (to FISHERMAN).—Just throw me half-a-dozen of those trout.
FISHERMAN.—Throw them?
WALTON.—Yes; then I can go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar.—*Roxbury Gazette.*



HOW IT HAPPENED.

FIRST OFFICE BOY.—So de biggest pay yer ever got in a week wuz a dollar-an'-a-half? Shucks! I would n't lift me finger fer less dan t'ree a week.
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MR. NORTHEND.—Yes; she'll be at home all day. When I left she was trying to make up her mind to go out and have a tooth pulled.—*New York Weekly.*

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FRIEND.—So the editor of the *Planet* returned your article on "The Decay of the Year?"

SCRIBBLER.—Yes; he said it was all "rot."—*Port Jervis Gazette.*

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A man in the car was telling how good his doctor was. "Clever?" said he; "well, I should say he was. The other day I called him in when I had swallowed five cents. He said if the coin was not counterfeit it would pass, and made me cough up two dollars."—*Medical Record.*

This is the season when a woman works hard to raise a few flowers in order that she may have some to send to her neighbors who did n't take the trouble. —*Atchison Globe.*

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"You love my daughter?" said the
old man.
"Love her!" he exclaimed passion-
ately; "why, sir, I would die for her!
For one soft glance of those sweet eyes
I would hurl myself from the roof of this
tall tenement, and perish, a bleeding,
bruised mass, upon the ash barrels and
bric-à-brac in the back yard, a hundred
feet below!"

The old man shook his head. "I'm
something of a liar myself," he said,
"and one is enough for a small family
like mine."—*Roxbury Gazette.*

Dewey is a temperance man and knows what
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WISE FOLKS TAKE THEM

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

"I wonder what
it is makes these
candidates call
names and hate
one another so?"
remarked one
member of the
theatrical profes-
sion.

"Political am-
bition," replied
another.

"Maybe that's
what it is. But it
looks to me like
the same old story of
professional
jealousy."—*Wash-
ington Star.*

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THE HOME RULERS.

"What is a
'board of strategy,'
Papa?"

"H'm; well—
I never thought of
it in that light be-
fore; but it must
mean your mother
and your grand-
mother."—*Detroit
Free Press.*

"THERE'S a
diamond in the
rough," said the
policeman, as the
burglar swallowed
the stone.—*Yale
Record.*



THE PLACE FILLED.

THE GROCER'S BOY.—An' you have n't got anyone in Delia's
place yet?
MRS. FLATTE.—Oh, yes I have! PEARLINE does the work
better and it does n't have any afternoons off, break dishes or
entertain policemen in the kitchen.

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An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

BIGGS.—George Washington never
bought a bicycle at an auction.
JIGGS.—How do you know?
BIGGS.—Because he never told a lie.
—*Bicycling World.*

SHE.—I wonder how many persons
they can get in these street-cars?

HE.—Oh! I suppose that you might
say one for every two feet.—*Harvard
Lampoon.*

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and Liquor Habit cured in
10 to 20 days. No pay till
cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens,
Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

"I AM afraid this growing craze for
golf is going to have a marked influence
upon our future politics," observed the
deep thinker, after thinking thoughtfully
for some moments. "When a man has
won about five hundred silver cups in
the course of a year it is apt to make
him an advocate of free coinage."—
Harper's Bazar.

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was young!"
"Deed, sah! It am bin most in its
secon' chilehood."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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one-fourth land. Certain soups we
have encountered are much the same.—
West Union Gazette.

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daughter has decided to enter a convent
and devote herself to the Lord.

MRS. BILGUS. — She did intend to,
but her former lover, Mr. Saphead, sud-
denly returned last night, and she has
decided to enter his home, and devote
herself to him.—*New York Weekly.*

"ER man dat keeps talkin' much
about 'is troubles," said Uncle Eben "is
gwineter fin' out pooty soon dat nobody
ain' troublin' much about 'is talk."—
Washington Star.

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constituted Board of Health engaged in
stamping out disease.

UNCLE.—Eh?
NIECE.—My foot's asleep?—*New
York Weekly.*

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It is said the voice of a woman is
audible in a balloon at the height of
about two miles. Enpeck says some
women don't have to be up in a balloon
to be heard that distance.—*Norristown
Herald.*

To borrow is human, to pay your
debts divine.—*Adams Freeman.*

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No: a field is not regarded as a patch because it was sowed that way. — *Adams Freeman*.

A WOMAN is apt to regard a man's complaints as she regards a baby's cries: a nuisance to be stopped by getting out something to eat. — *Atchison Globe*.

"I MUST have been beside myself, to-day," said the Boston girl. "And did n't you feel awfully cold?" inquired her friend from New York. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"ER man," said Uncle Eben, "gin'rally makes er gret mistake when he waits for er rise in de mahket 'stid o' gittin' up early hisself." — *Washington Star*.

SMOKELESS gunpowder is the latest addition to the science of war. Now let somebody invent a smokeless cigarette, and peace will have her victories no less renowned than war. — *Roxbury Gazette*.



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CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

ENGRAVER.—Don't you think 'To my dear wife' a better inscription than 'To my dearest wife'?

CUSTOMER.—Ordinarily, perhaps; but not when a fellow has his third one. — *Jewellers' Weekly*.

TEACHER.—Johnny, what is the great national sport of the Spaniards?

JOHNNY.—Hide and seek. — *Adams Freeman*.

THERE ought to be a law compelling men with whiskers to eat soup in private. — *Atchison Globe*.

CAWLER.—Good morning, sir. The elevator isn't running, so I had to walk up the ten flights of stairs.

GREETING (at his desk).—Did, eh? Who are you collecting bills for, sir? — *Roxbury Gazette*.



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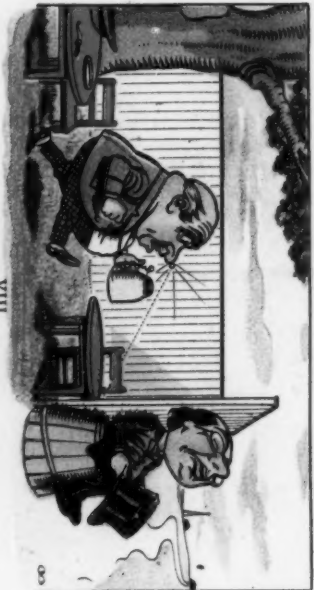
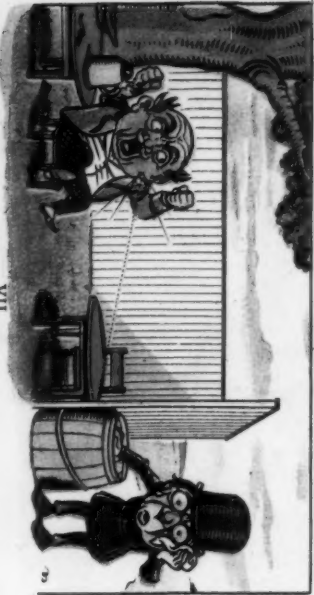
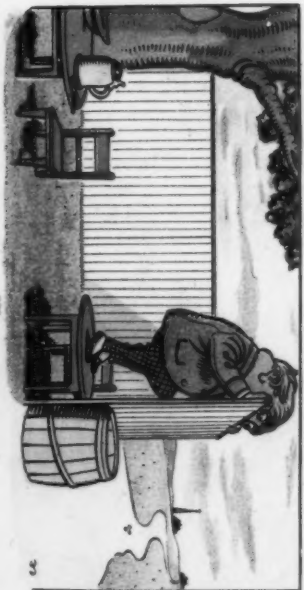
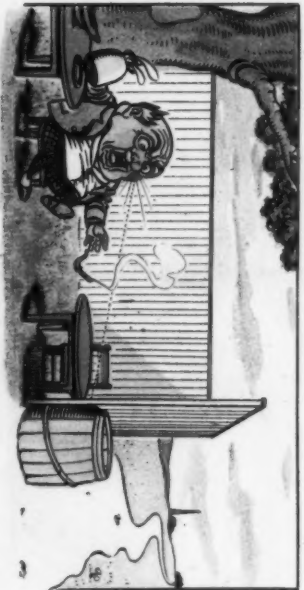
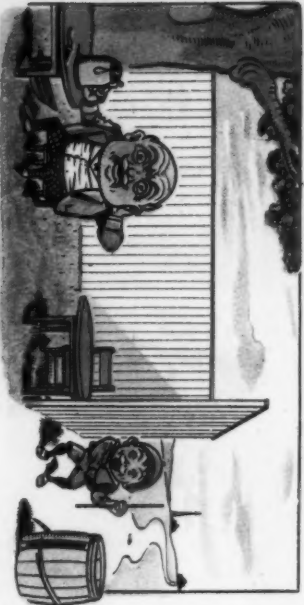
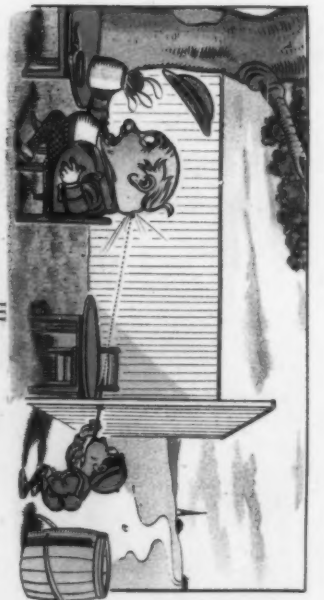
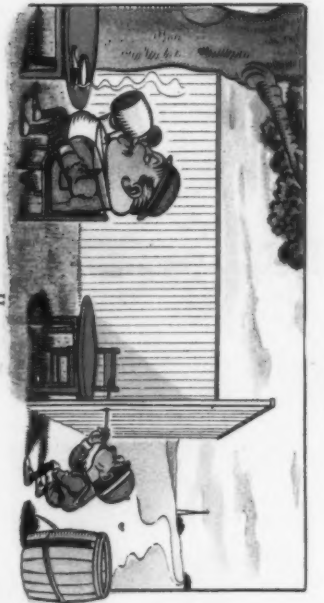
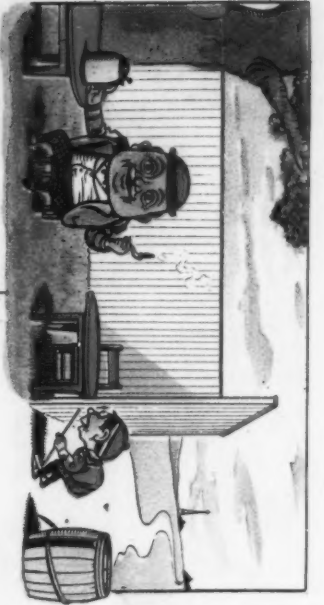
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X.

XI.

XII.

FUN, TROUBLE AND RETRIBUTION IN A SUMMER GARDEN.